A

TRIP

TO

HOLLAND.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

TRIP

TO

HOLLAND.

CONTAINING

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS:

TOGETHER WITH

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE DUTCH.

LONDON:

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

MDCCLXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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A TRIP

TO

RICHARD JOSEPH SULIVAN, Esq.

F. R. S.

THE FOLLOWING

TRIP TO HOLLAND

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

AS

A TESTIMONY

OF THE

AUTHOR'S GRATITUDE AND RESPECT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD the following Pages, in imitation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, meet with the Approbation of the Public, the Writer will continue the Account of his Tour in another Volume.

CON-

A TRIP TO HOLLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

"OBSERVATIONS made in a Trip to Holland——Ha! ha! ha!" And why that laugh, good Mr. Critic? You imagine, perhaps, that a Belgic ſky has ſomething particularly baneful in its in-

fluence; and that the man who has reſided for any little time in Holland muſt neceſſarily become as dull and phlegmatic as many of its inhabitants? "I do." You imagine, likewiſe, that a Dutchman is totally devoid of ſentiment; and that a Dutchwoman is an utter ſtranger to thoſe finer affections of the ſoul which ſo eminently characterize our lovely Countrywomen? "Undoubtedly." Why, then, you are undoubtedly miſtaken.

PACKET

PACKET AT SEA.

A VERY heavy gale. The voice, however, of a Frenchman ſinging a *petit chanſon*, ſtruck upon my ear. Strange! exclaimed I, that a man ſhould be thus eaſy, nay, even merry, during a ſtorm—and a ſtorm at ſea! My curioſity was raiſed. I enquired for the ſinger, and was conducted to him by the Mate.

He was lying on the bed, and evidently diſordered by the motion of the veſſel. Stranger ſtill, thought

I, that the animal ſpirits ſhould thus triumph over the bodily affections; and I rallied him accordingly.

Ah! Monſieur, cried he, *on m'a dit que le vaiſſeau eſt en danger, c'eſt pourquoi je chante pour chaſſer la peur.*

"*Pour chaſſer la peur?*".

Oui, Monſieur, car je n'ai jamais l'air triſte—en un mot je ne ſuis pas Anglois.

You think an Engliſhman, then, the dulleſt of human beings? *Sans doubte,* returned he, loud enough to be heard by his friend, a Dutchman, who was not a little pleaſed with the reply.

I com-

I complimented him on his voice, and on his excellent ſtyle in ſinging. Is it poſſible that you can be *ſerious*, ſaid he—I am an Engliſhman, replied I. He ſmiled, and ſaid no more; but he was evidently pleaſed. I had gained his favour by commending his voice. O flattery!—ſoft, inſinuating flattery!—how eaſily doſt thou wind thyſelf about the heart of man!—how pleaſing, how ſoothing art thou to the ſoul!——I was ever afterwards his friend—his *bon ami*. Charmed with being thought a ſinger!—Be it ſo. And if friendſhips may be thus eaſily purchaſed,

tell me, I pray ye, O ſons and daughters of Humanity! would you ever live without a friend?

HELVOET.

I WAS glad to quit the veſſel. Something like uneaſineſs, however, hung about my heart. Is it poſſible, ſaid I to myſelf, that I can have ſo much of the *amor patriæ* about me, as to be affected by a change of ſoil? Am I not ſtill in a land of liberty; and am I not preparing to join my friends, who are now at the Hague? The latter conſideration was pleaſing to me; but it was the pleaſure of a moment. I

felt myſelf unhappy, but was totally miſtaken in the cauſe.

I was at length awakened from the dream. "I have left in England every thing that is dear to me: my family and particular friends"—"If we ſhould never meet again!"——The thought was painful to me. I will divert it, ſaid I, by wandering about the town. In this ſtate of mind I found myſelf ſtanding at the head of the pier. I caſt my eyes upon the water—"The ſea divides us"—"If we ſhould never meet again!" Fooliſh! exclaimed I, (at leaſt the world would call it ſo) and inſtantly returned to the Inn.

Nothing

Nothing can be more ridiculous than for a man to think of concealing his unhappineſs, by a ſhow of jocularity and eaſe. Now, though I had reflected on this an hundred times before, and had as frequently obſerved its effect, I was ſtill weak enough to fall into the error which I ſo univerſally condemned. I imagined that my companions had diſcovered my grief—I was apprehenſive that they knew the cauſe; and to confeſs the truth, I dreaded the Frenchman's raillery. I was, accordingly, the merrieſt of the ſet.—Fearful of a little raillery!—And was I fearful of incurring his cenſure?

Certainly

Certainly not. How happens it, then, O Caſuiſts!—how happens it, I ſay, that we are thus aſhamed of feelings which would do the greateſt honour to our nature, yet frequently boaſt of actions at which the Barbarian has been known to ſhudder? I fear you are but ill prepared to anſwer me.

But, it is time to continue my journey. The Frenchman and I were left together at the Inn. He was going immediately to the Hague—So was I. If agreeable, Monſieur, ſaid he, I ſhould be happy in accompanying you: I am ſomewhat *enjouée*, and it may poſſibly remove your uneaſineſs.

Now,

Now, though I would have given fifty ducats to have eſcaped his obſervation on the matter; and though I was not a little vexed at his having mentioned it—I thanked him for his civility, and, I believe, with an appearance of gratitude. He had at once mortified and pleaſed me. The fault, however, was in myſelf. —He was evidently a man of diſcernment———

—I am reſolved, thought I, putting my hat upon my head with ſome degree of violence, that I will never again, with ſimilar feelings, appear the happieſt of men.

THE

THE COMMISSARY.

HELVOET.

THERE is little to be ſeen in Helvoet. We therefore reſolved on ſetting out immediately for Briel. A carriage was neceſſary, and it muſt neceſſarily be furniſhed by the Commiſſary. Be it known, therefore, (and I would adviſe my Countrymen to keep it in remembrance) that a Dutch Commiſſary is a man of infinite importance. He is certainly ſo in his own opinion,

nion, of which we had an indubitable proof.

A waeghen (in Engliſh, a waggon) was ordered to be got ready. Now, why the vehicle in queſtion ſhould be called a waggon, I cannot poſſibly conceive. It is by no means inelegant, and might undoubtedly be ſtiled a coach—But whether this is to be attributed to the *genius of the language* or——but no matter—It were loſs of time to think of ſetting a Dutchman right; once wrong, he will ever remain ſo.

The waggon, however, was ordered, and we were told by the Commiſſary that we muſt wait. There

was

was ſomething unpleaſing in the ſound. It is true, indeed, that there are times and ſeaſons when a man can wait with a tolerable degree of patience—this did not happen to be one of them.—Half an hour had elapſed; and in that time the Commiſſary, who never wiſhes to remain idle, had taken the money for the carriage, and a ſeſterhaf * for himſelf. The ſum he had retained was trifling; but his ſeizing on it was inſufferable. He would have gained more by leaving the matter to me, and I was careful to let him know it.

The

* Five-pence halfpenny.

The Frenchman had hitherto ſat contentedly. He now, however, began to abuſe the Commiſſary. The Dutchman cooly anſwered, he muſt "wait." He then rapt out ſeveral *Diables*-----ſwearing that a Dutch Commiſſary was the moſt phlegmatic ſot exiſting, and that it was impoſſible he ſhould be moved———

He would make an excellent inquiſitor, whiſpered I—My companion acknowledged it with a nod.

We are apt to form our opinions too haſtily; for, though the Commiſſary was by no means the moſt obliging perſon in the world, he was not

not altogether blameable in the preſent buſineſs. There was a particular reaſon for the delay.

LA

LA BOURGEOISE.

HELVOET.

IN about an hour and a quarter the carriage was brought to the door. We were at the ſame time accoſted by a lively Frenchwoman, who requeſted to be indulged with a ſeat in it. She was dreſſed *tres proprement*; and it is very clear to me, that we had been detained for no other reaſon than to give her an opportunity of reaching Briel.

Strange liberties! thought I, that when a man has engaged a vehicle

to carry him forward on his journey, he ſhall, notwithſtanding, be detained above an hour, in order to accommodate a *petite Bourgeoiſe*, (for ſhe was abſolutely nothing more) who may happen to be going the ſame route.

This would never be endured in England, ſaid I. *C'eſt tres commun ici*, replied my companion; and it would be altogether *vilain* to ſend her away—We muſt undoubtedly comply.

The gallantry of a Frenchman was at ſtake. At any other time, perhaps, I might have been equally polite. At this particular moment, however,

however, I was plaguily out of humour; and very earneſtly contended that the carriage would hold but two.

I was already in the vehicle, and my companion by my ſide—*Voyez-vous ma chere*, ſaid I, (pointing to the ſeat) there is ſcarcely an inch of room. Now, whether the *ma chere* which had thus inadvertently fallen from me, or whether———but I will not puzzle myſelf about it—Suffice it, that I had no ſooner uttered the words than ſhe cried—*O mon Dieu! il ÿ a aſſez de place—Je me mettrai là, Monſieur, entre vous deux.* Saying which ſhe ſtepped into

the carriage, placed herſelf between us, and ordered the poſtilion to go on.

Fort bien! exclaimed I—and if any of my Countrywomen could have acted thus (the virtuous part of them, I mean, and ſuch was the lady in queſtion) I will forfeit every ducat in my purſe.

We had proceeded a mile or two in ſilence, when my attention was awakened by our female. She was diſcourſing on the badneſs of the roads and the unfavourableneſs of the weather—Remarked, that ſhe was particularly deſirous of getting that evening to Briel; and that ſhe muſt

have attempted the journey on foot, had ſhe not ſo fortunately met with me.

And why, in the name of Heaven, thought I, did you not tell me this before? By all that's amiable, (looking on her face, which I now diſcovered to be particularly handſome) I would moſt willingly ſubject myſelf to every inconvenience, rather than fail in accommodating ſo fair a creature.

She certainly read my thoughts. *Apparemment, Monſieur,* ſaid ſhe, *je vous incommode?* Not in the leaſt, Madame, cried I, (ſqueezing myſelf as much as poſſible into the corner of

the carriage; and which, by the way, was the very thing I ſhould have done at firſt)—not in the leaſt.

She ſmiled at this—aſſured me that ſhe was *parfaitement à ſon aiſe*; and ironically added, that Monſieur was *tres obligeant* in ſo readily giving her a place in his coach.

At this inſtant a bluſh of (but I will leave the reader to imagine the kind) aroſe upon my cheek—The lady immediately fixed her eyes upon me—The ſhame of being noticed by her increaſed it—She gazed ſtill more ardently—My face was preſently like a furnace. I knew not how to act. I knew not which way to look.——

She

She now, however, was evidently concerned for my diſtreſs, and kindly relieved me, by turning aſide her head.

"*Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſatire in diſguiſe.*"

So ſays the Poet, and I never felt the juſtneſs of the obſervation more forcibly in my life.

We no ſooner arrived at Briel than the lady alighted from the carriage, making me the moſt graceful curtſy in the world. It ſeemed, however, to reproach me, and I wiſhed ſhe had let it alone.

She was here met by a young man, whom I found to be her lover, and

who received her with every appearance of joy. And now, thought I, had I by my churliſhneſs prevented this meeting, what, "O Cupid! Prince of Gods and Men,"* ſhould I not have had to anſwer for?

* Euripides.

THE

THE RESOLUTION.

BRIEL.

I WAS really ſorry at parting with the *petite Bourgeoiſe*. Not that I was any way enamoured of her, but becauſe I wiſhed to apologize for my behaviour. I had certainly treated her unhandſomely.

Well, well, ſaid I to myſelf, it is a very trifling matter, and I will think no more about it—I am reſolved I will not.

Now, this reſolution was the moſt unfortunate one in nature—It was the

the very thing I ought not to have done. From the moment I had taken it, ſhe was ever uppermoſt in my thoughts.

——Pſha! cried I—and I again determined to forget her——

Is there any thing to be ſeen in Briel, ſaid I, turning to the Landlord, who ſtood behind me with his bill of fare. *Oui, oui, Beaucoup*, returned he, *c'eſt un charmant endroit*. I knew it to be exactly the reverſe: but I very readily pardon him. It is natural for every man to extol the town in which he reſides: it is particularly ſo in an Inn-keeper. The truth,

truth, however, is, that Briel is one of the dulleſt places on earth.

I was ſitting penſively at the Hotel—the *petite Bourgeoiſe* entirely forgotten, and my thoughts devoted to my friends in England—when the Landlord haſtily entered the room.

You cannot be ignorant, Monſieur, ſaid he, that at this time almoſt every Dutchman is a ſoldier. The Burghers of the town are about to aſſemble for their evening exerciſe. It is a very pleaſing ſight; and if agreeable, I will have the honour of conducting you to the ſpot.

I anſwered, I ſhould be glad of the walk.

You can never think of walking, Monſieur, ſaid he, as the diſtance is upwards of two miles. It is *tout a fait impoſſible.*

And where is the impoſſibility, ſaid I, of walking two or three miles?

"*Il fait tres chaud, Monſieur.*" A very excellent reaſon, returned I. And as the heat had hitherto been unperceived by me, I was certainly obliged to him for the information; and I think, I made him a bow.

Beſide, continued he, there is a lady in the room below, who hopes to be favoured with a place in the carriage——

Why,

Why, what the plague! thought I, this fellow has aſſuredly heard of my adventure, and takes the opportunity of bantering me. I will enquire into it———

I was inſtantly at the bottom of the ſtairs—The *petite Bourgeoiſe* was ſtanding at the door—She made me a curtſy down to the ground, and in a moment was out of ſight——

Curſe on it! cried I—but I deſerve it all—this is undoubtedly a woman of ſpirit!

I afterwards viſited the Burghers; but they are very ſorry ſoldiers, ſo I will ſay no more about them.—

Beſide,

Beſide, the Engliſh reader is ſufficiently acquainted with the nature of military aſſociations.

THE

THE FAREWELL!

MAESLANDSLUYS.

WE next reached Maeſlandſluys; at which place a number of women and children were aſſembled, in order to take their laſt farewell of a veſſel that was preparing to quit the port. The ſhip was actually under way. "Adieu, huſband! adieu, father!"——The ſailors gently waved their hands.—"Adieu, father! adieu, huſband! and may Heaven be propitious to you!"

you!" was the univerſal cry. This ejaculation was continued with the utmoſt fervency till the veſſel was nearly out of ſight—When entirely ſo, they ſtood for ſome minutes motionleſs; their eyes at the ſame time ſeemingly ſtarting from the ſockets, as if deſirous of once more getting a view of it; but in vain! ——They then burſt into a flood of tears, and modeſtly retired.

Tender ſouls! cried I----I do not wonder at your ſorrows. The very exiſtence, perhaps, of yourſelves and families depends on the ſafety and proſperity of theſe your mates.

How

How then ſhould you remain unmoved?—Peace be with you!——

It was now dinner-time: I therefore repaired to the Inn; and ſeeing the Maſter of it at the door, I deſired that ſomething might inſtantly be got ready. *Dites cela à ma femme*, ſaid he, (obſerve he was a Dutchman) and turning upon his heel, he left me to find her as I could.

And why, thought I, could you not have ſpoken about it yourſelf? You are the Keeper of a Tavern, and conſequently ſhould be civil. *Quelle Bête!*----And I went immediately in ſearch of his wife.

THE TRECKSCHUTE.

DELFT.

HEAVEN forefend, ſaid I, on ſtepping out of the Treck-ſchute * at Delft—Heaven forefend that I ſhould be under the neceſſity of travelling, for any length of time, in the manner I have done to-day. It may be perfectly conſonant to a Dutchman's feelings, but it is by no means ſo to mine. What! to get forward at the rate of barely three

* A covered boat, not unlike the pleaſure barges belonging to the City of London.

three miles an hour, cooped up in a veſſel which can only be compared with Noah's Ark, and at a time too when the hey-day of the blood requires one to be for ever on the wing—Intolerable!

Pray, Mynheer, ſaid I, expreſſing my diſſatisfaction to one of our fellow-travellers, as we were walking together on the quay—pray, Mynheer, what is your opinion on the matter?

I think the Treckſchute a very excellent vehicle, replied he: it is certainly a convenient one, ſince a man may either ſmoke or ſleep in it.

Smoke or ſleep! Good Heaven! And my life on it, thought I, you have not a ſingle wiſh beyond them. So bidding him adieu, I haſtily purſued my way.

Our next ſtage was to the Hague ----Another Treckſchute?----Pſha! cried I——Peſte! exclaimed the Frenchman. He bore it ſtill leſs patiently than I did.

One may paſs an hour or two in reading, however, thought I: ſo taking Sterne from my pocket (with whoſe exquiſite touches of nature and true paſſion I am at all times delighted) I preſently forgot my ſituation.

I con-

I continued reading 'till we were within a league of the Hague.—I then began to conſider, that a preface would be wanting to that account of my travels which I was preparing to lay before the public. And why, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I not write it in the Treckſchute? And I ſet about it accordingly.

PREFACE:

IN THE TRECKSCHUTE.

EVERY man, on ſetting out on his travels, ſhould diveſt himſelf as much as poſſible of national prejudices. If he departs with that extreme partiality and love of country which is ſo peculiar to the Engliſhman, the untravelled Engliſhman I mean, ſcarcely a ſingle object, in his eyes, ever wears its natural appearance—all is uniformly wrong. His narrative, if he publiſhes

liſhes any, is evidently tinctured by it; and if any one endeavours to ſet him right, he conſiders it as arraigning his want of taſte.

Now, this is a matter to which the Literary Traveller, above all others, ſhould be particularly attentive.—He who means to give his obſervations to the world ſhould be careful not to miſlead. To guard againſt this, let him not allow himſelf to be deceived: let him view the people whoſe character he means to delineate, with an enquiring but philoſophic eye; and if he diſcovers any thing in their manners which may particularly excite his diſguſt, let

him not examine into the ſtate of their atmoſphere, but into their polity and mode of rule.

I have been led into this reflection, by obſerving that the Hollander is uſually repreſented as rude and boiſterous in his manners, becauſe he lives in 52 degrees North; and the Italian ſoft and effeminate, becauſe he happens to be a few degrees to the Southward of him.

Speculative men are very apt to cheriſh this miſtake. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than the generally received opinion, that the manners of a nation are to be attributed altogether to climate.—

Do

Do we not find in the Polar regions the ſame degree of barbariſm that marks the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone? And is not their form and order of government, in many inſtances, equally arbitrary and unjuſt? Why then ſhould we talk of climate?—It is abſurd. The cuſtoms and habits of individuals will evermore depend either on education or the laws of their country—on moral, not on phyſical cauſes.

To reſume my ſubject———

But while I would particularly caution the traveller againſt the appearance of an extravagant fondneſs for his own country, there may be

ſome

ſome little danger of his running into the oppoſite extreme. The Fine Gentleman, for example, is eternally unhappy leſt he ſhould be conſidered by his acquaintance as a mere John Bull-----A terrible ſtigma!-----We therefore find him, in all companies and on all occaſions, deſirous of having it recorded—"That he has ſkimmed the cream of France, Italy, Germany, and the North"—In fine, "That he has ſeen enough of other countries, to induce him heartily to deſpiſe his own."

This latter character, however, is much the moſt faulty of the two; for what can be ſo [illegible]ufferable as

the

the Coxcomb of Nature *improved* by the Tour of Europe?

With reſpect to the Traveller of Taſte—the man whoſe time is wholly taken up in deſcribing edifices, ſtatues, and gardens—I can ſcarcely hazard a ſyllable in his favour. A very elegant Writer, ſpeaking of the uſes of foreign travel, ſays—" I remember to have read, that Socrates had never ſtirred out of Athens; and that when his admirers would ſometimes aſk him, why he affected this ſingularity, he was uſed to ſay, *that ſtones and trees did not edify him.* Intimating, I ſuppoſe, that the ſight of fine towns and fine countries,

which

which the voyagers of thoſe days, as of our's, made a matter of much vanity, was the principal fruit they had reaped to themſelves from their faſhionable labours."

It muſt be acknowledged, however, that "a dull detail of ſtatues and pictures" is not without its uſes.

Having ſaid ſo little of the Traveller of Taſte, I ſhall content myſelf with barely mentioning the Virtuoſo—the mere Virtuoſo—He, I mean, who quits his country for no other purpoſe than to form a cabinet of medals, ſtones, and butterflies.

ſies. The truth is, I ſhould have paſſed him over entirely, had it not been that almoſt every traveller will be found to rank in one or other of the following claſſes:

The Literary Traveller; or he who enquires into the ſtate of men and things.

The Gentleman Traveller; or he who has nothing in view.

The Traveller of Taſte; or he who gives a catalogue of churches and pictures.

The Virtuoſo; or he who travels in ſearch of rarities.

And thus the circle is complete—

Well,

Well, Schipper, when ſhall we get to the Hague?—" In leſs than five minutes." Then here I finiſh my Preface.

THE

THE APOLOGY.

HAGUE.

NO man cares to have his wit, his judgment, or even his good-nature called in queſtion.—Speak of him as a drunkard, or the betrayer of innocence, and he will poſſibly become your friend—Touch upon the weakneſs of his intellects, and he will moſt aſſuredly become your enemy. In a word, you may with ſafety repreſent him as the moſt flagitious character on earth,

when

when you dare not even hint at his want of talents; or, as I before obſerved, even at his want of good-nature.

Now, as the charge of ill-nature may, perhaps, be brought againſt myſelf, on account of the acrimony with which I have ſometimes ſpoken of the Dutch; and leſt the reader ſhould ſit down with the idea that I am ſubject to ſimilar failings—I muſt here beg leave to ſet him right in that particular.

I quitted England with an unfavourable opinion of the Hollander. He had been repreſented to me as crafty and ſubtle in the extreme—

a ſtranger

a ſtranger to friendſhip, and totally wanting in that refinement of manners, and rectitude of heart, which are ſo eſſential to the order and well-being of ſociety.

To condemn a people in general terms is certainly unjuſt; for, tho' there are very many in Holland who undoubtedly come under the above deſcription, there is a ſtill larger number who do the greateſt honour to their country; and I had no ſooner reached the Hague than I became perfectly ſenſible of it.

My mind, ſaid I to myſelf, is ſomewhat jaundiced; but it will wear off as I get along.

THE AUTHOR.

HOTEL AT THE HAGUE.

YES, yes, repeated I, drawing close to my table, and resting my head upon my hand—yes, yes, it will wear off as I get along. Away with all paltry prejudices!—But they have already left me. I feel my heart expand. From this moment I will consider myself as a Citizen of the world, and the deserving man shall be as my brother.

This

This was preciſely the time for a ſtranger to preſent himſelf before me—and effectually, on turning my head towards the door, I perceived a Dutchman, of tolerable genteel appearance, who was on the point of entering the room.

He ſtopt a moment or two at the *entrée*, as though he thought his intruſion might offend. I requeſted him to come forward. He approached in ſilence—took a paper from his pocket, and preſenting it to me with all imaginable politeneſs, but without a ſhadow of ſervility, retired, while I read it, a few paces towards the door.

His manner was infinitely pleaſing to me. I opened the paper, and found it to be a liſt of ſubſcribers to a literary work—the ſubſcription two ducats. No great ſum, ſaid I; but thou ſhouldſt have it (obſerving the name of the Writer in the propoſals, and which I knew to be a diſtinguiſhed one)—thou ſhouldſt have it, were it twenty times as much.

He was unable to ſpeak in reply; but he made me a particularly grateful bow, and looked "unutterable things"—It touched me to the very ſoul.

—And

—And pray, continued I, remarking that his ſubſcribers were not above eleven or twelve in number—pray, ſaid I, how long have you been in collecting theſe names? Upwards of twelve months, ſaid he, and I almoſt deſpair of getting another. Gracious Heaven! thought I, to what a ſituation is Genius reduced! A man of firſt-rate abilities is now ſtanding before me—evidently in the greateſt diſtreſs—neglected by his Countrymen—and ſeeking a temporary and trifling relief in the benevolence of an utter ſtranger!—But thus have I found it in every country of Europe—

Alas! alas! I bluſh at the want of humanity in my ſpecies.

He had hitherto ſtood in the middle of the room—and my ſpirits had been ſo greatly agitated, that I forgot to deſire him to take a chair. I now did it, however, and with the beſt grace I was maſter of—apologizing for my want of thought.

He drew heſitatingly towards me. This man, ſaid I to myſelf, (obſerving his diffidence and fears) will never advance his fortunes----he is infinitely too humble. Humility, which a century or two ago would have paved his way to honours and preferments, is now an effectual barrier

barrier to them. Effrontery, ſelf-ſufficient effrontery, carries all before her, while

" *Patient Merit, with a down-caſt eye,*"

looks on, wonders at it, and ſtarves.

I deſired to know the ſucceſs of his former pieces. Alas! replied he, I have experienced all the mortifications and viciſſitudes in life, ſo common to an Author. Some of my publications were very favourably received—I gave them unprotected to the world: others, indeed, required a particular patronage; and I was therefore under

the neceſſity, however painful to me, of ſoliciting it.

And painful it muſt indeed have been, thought I, to a man of thy feelings.

It may be ſufficient to obſerve to you, continued he, that my applications were without effect; and that my writings-----but I cannot better explain my meaning than in an expreſſion of Juvenal—*laudatur et alget*. Such, in ſhort, was their fate.

Saying this (a tear or two at the ſame time ſtanding in his eye) he modeſtly withdrew. A ſigh involuntarily broke from me on his going away.

away.—And yet, cried I, if I know any thing of the human heart, the day is not very distant when he will avenge himself on his oppressors. True Genius can be depressed but for a time: it knows its own rights, and will assert them.

The men who had treated him thus unworthily, were actually enemies to themselves; and I would recommend to the attention of all such, the following lines from La Bruyere—"*J'eviterai avec soin d'offenser personne, si je suis équitable; mais sur toutes choses un homme d'esprit, si j'aime le moins du monde mes interests.*"

THE

THE MAITRE D'HOTEL.

HAGUE.

THE literary ſupplicant had ſcarcely quitted my chamber, when the Maitre d'Hotel came in with a liſt of what *I ought to want.*

And why, cried I, ſomewhat peeviſhly, did you not bring me this before? It would have put me in mind of inviting the worthy creature to ſupper with me. But you know where he lives, I ſuppoſe—

I can

I can eaſily ſend to him. "*Qui, Monſieur?*" Why, the gentleman who juſt now left me, Monſieur De C——. *Je ne ſcais pas*, replied the Maitre d'Hotel; I really cannot tell. I wonder at that, ſaid I; he is a man of letters, *et encore il eſt de grande reputation. Cela eſt bien poſſible*, ſaid he, with all imaginable *ſang froid*—I know little about theſe people: many of them indeed are deſirous of ſcraping acquaintance with *me*—the reaſon is pretty obvious. But they are a very troubleſome ſet; I have entirely waſhed my hands of them.

I told

I told him in a whiſper, that the Frenchman, my companion, was an Author-----Not, continued he, but that I have had the honour of entertaining as worthy gentlemen of that deſcription as ever lived. There is M. Le Comte De——*Ah! voila un homme extraordinaire: et ma foi il à autant d'argent que d'eſprit.*——*Cela eſt bien poſſible*, replied I, in exactly the ſame key in which he had given it immediately before.—So I heard no more of the Count.

It is very unlucky, ſaid I, that I ſuffered Monſieur De C—— to go away—But as I ſhall ſtay a month or more at the Hague———

Vous reſtérez ici encore un mois, Monſieur? Voyons----peutêtre je me rappellerois----Ah! je m'en ſouviens bien à préſent où demure ce Monſieur C-----. And where is it? *Toute proche de la porte de Scheveling.* Then do me the favour to ſend to him, ſaid I, and requeſt that he will honour me with his company to ſupper. He was gone in an inſtant.

----A precious fellow, this Maitre d'Hotel, thought I.---But his houſe is a good one, and I muſt therefore patiently endure the reſt.

THE COMPLIMENT.

HOTEL AT THE HAGUE.

IN a ſhort time the Maitre d'Hotel returned, telling me, that M. De C------ was not at home. He was *diablement faché*. I ſaw he was. To keep up my ſpirits, however, he had brought a bottle of Burgundy in his hand, which he ſaid he could venture to recommend, being exactly the ſame ſort that the Prince of Orange always had at his table. He ſwore it was. There

was no diſputing the truth of this with him, however greatly I might be inclined to doubt it; and as the Burgundy was really good, I cared but little about the matter. So I drank the wine for ſuch as the Maitre d'Hotel had given it; at the ſame time obſerving to him, that there was no occaſion to confirm it with an oath. He made me a very low bow.

In about a quarter of an hour Monſieur De C----- came in. The Maitre d'Hotel was particularly attentive to him. He knew I ſhould be pleaſed with it—and I was to ſtay a month or two at the Hague.

This

This fellow, ſaid I to myſelf, will one day have his *château*. What a contraſt is here!

We now ſat down to ſupper, and I found in the converſation of M. De C------ every thing that I had figured to myſelf. He was lively and intelligent; and for a Dutchman extremely communicative.------We talked of indifferent things---plays, politics, and the ſtate of literature on the Continent.

Books, ſaid he, are very rapidly multiplied both at Paris and at the Hague; and it is on that account, although it may appear a paradox with many, that an Author finds it

ſo

ſo very difficult to live. I anſwered, that I could very eaſily conceive it.

With reſpect to the politics of his country, I found him ſomewhat wary and reſerved. I ſpoke of the ſea-fight off the Dogger-Bank, and of the bravery of Admiral Byland. He replied, that it was *peu de choſe*. I told him, my Countrymen were of a different opinion.

He aſked me how I found the Dutch. I anſwered, that I had ſeen but little of them; but that if in my Tour through Holland I met with twenty like himſelf, I ſhould return to England in much better humour than I had left it. He

gently inclined his head. It was ſufficient. And yet, for ſuch a compliment, a Frenchman would have made me as many bows as there were words in it.

My companion gave a ſhrug.

But how do you like our women, continued he. Faith, ſaid I, I think them particularly handſome-----as handſome as thoſe of England—

—The door of our room was at this time open, and we perceived a Dutchwoman in the adjoining chamber, who, on hearing our diſcourſe, immediately adjuſted her head-dreſs at the glaſs.

Ah!

Ah! exclaimed the Frenchman, *voilà une petite Mademoiſelle qui entend bien ce que c'eſt qu'n éloge* True, replied Monſieur De C——; and ſhe ſeems determined to apply it to herſelf.

We now retired to reſt. In paſſing to my chamber I met the lady I have lately ſpoken of, and who proved to be the miſtreſs of the houſe. She made me a much lower curtſy than a hoſteſs uſually makes to an ordinary gueſt.

THE PARADE.

HAGUE.

EARLY the next morning I was again viſited by Monſieur De C——, who came to offer his ſervices in conducting me about the Hague. I thanked him, I ſaid, for his attention; but that I was unwilling to divert him from his ſtudies. He preſſed the matter, however, ſo very earneſtly, that I was under the neceſſity of accepting him for my guide; and ſhortly after we ſat out on our perambulation.

—In

—In how oppoſite a manner are our friendſhips and connections frequently formed! We at one time enter into them with the greateſt caution and reſerve; by the ſloweſt and moſt regular gradation: and at another time, perhaps, with the utmoſt precipitancy and haſte. Monſieur De C—— and I were already friends.

We proceeded immediately to the Parade. Both horſe and foot were at this time drawn out, and made a truly ſoldier-like appearance. I never ſaw a finer ſet of men. Frederic himſelf, I think, would be delighted with them. I wiſhed for

nothing more ardently than the poſſibility of inſtantly paſſing to the troops of the Emperor. Monſieur De C—— would have been equally pleaſed to have done the ſame. If, ſaid he, they are ſuperior to thoſe of the States (ſuperior in numbers they certainly are) there is little to be expected from the clemency of Joſeph. But we have hitherto boldly maintained our rights; and if our ſoldiers are to be depended on, I ſhould hope that their High Mightineſſes would continue firm in their reſolutions, and never give up a ſingle point. The demands of the Emperor are unjuſt.

Mon-

Monſ. De C----- had ſcarcely done ſpeaking, when my attention was called to the other ſide of the Parade, by the appearance of the Prince of Orange. A murmur of ſome few moments ran among the people. I demanded the reaſon of their diſcontent. They trembled, they ſaid, for their freedom—That it was evidently the aim of the Prince of Orange to ſubvert their eſtabliſhed form of government, and to aſſume to himſelf a kingly and even a deſpotic power. And what ſteps, ſaid I, has he taken towards it? Not any, returned they, but we fear that ſuch are his intentions. Ridiculous! cried

I—endeavouring to point out to them the improbability of ſuch an event; but they were not to be reaſoned with.

I now moved towards his Highneſs. Calmneſs and benignity ſat upon his countenance; and there was an eaſe and affability in his carriage and general addreſs, which won upon me ſtrangely. This Prince, ſaid I to Monſieur De C——, is an amiable character; every unprejudiced perſon, indeed, has always repreſented him as ſuch: I ſaw it, however, on the inſtant, and would venture to riſk my opinion and ſkill in phyſiognomy even on the judg-

judgment of Monſieur De Lavater.* By Heaven! exclaimed I, (O Hollanders!) there is a cruelty and injuſtice in your conduct towards this man, for which it is ſcarcely poſſible to make atonement. At preſent, however, he is your friend—at preſent, did I ſay? No! Treat him as you will, he never can become your enemy. O! that I could inſpire you with ſentiments noble and generous as his own!

Monſieur De C------ embraced me.

Leaving the Parade, we ſauntered about the town without meeting

* An eminent Phiſiognomiſt.

ing with any thing remarkable, and returned to the Hotel to dinner. After which, by way of proving to M. De C------ that I was an advocate for liberty, without being a friend to licentiouſneſs, I drank the Prince of Orange's health in a bumper.

THE

THE APOSTROPHE.

HAGUE.

FAITH, ſaid I, on being left alone in my chamber, I am half inclined to retract the opinion which I ſo lately advanced in favour of the Dutch.

Your perſecution of the Stadtholder (weak and inconſiderate men!) excites my indignation and diſguſt. Have you loſt all feeling—every ſentiment of humanity? Have you forgot the obligations both civil and moral,

moral, which bind, or at leaſt which ought to bind you firmly to each other; the Prince to the People, and the People to the Prince? Is not William of Orange and Naſſau your rightful and hereditary Chief? You accuſe him, indeed, of a diſpoſition to arbitrary power; but has he not already given up ſeveral of his privileges, in order to preſerve the peace and tranquility of the States? Has this the appearance of a love of power? Shame on you! You are ſurely unacquainted with the nature and excellence of the government under which you live. A Stadtholder, like to a King of

Great

Great Britain, even admitting his principles to be tyrannical, *can do no wrong*. The checks on him are infinitely too many. I ſhall quote a paſſage or two from Monteſquieu, to convince you of this. Speaking of Holland and Switzerland, he ſays,

" A republic of this kind, able to withſtand an external force, may ſupport itſelf without any internal corruption: the form of this ſociety prevents all manner of inconveniencies.

" If a ſingle member ſhould attempt to uſurp the ſupreme authority, he could not be ſuppoſed to

have

have an equal authority and credit in all the confederate States. Were he to have too great an influence over one, this would alarm the reſt; were he to ſubdue a part, that which would ſtill remain free, might oppoſe him with forces independent of thoſe which he had uſurped, and overpower him before he could be ſettled in his uſurpation."

And now, ſhort-ſighted Dutchmen, what have you to fear?

THE

THE THEATRE.

HAGUE.

I HAD not yet viſited the *Comedie Francoiſe*. The play announced for the preſent evening was the *Méchant* of Greſſet—an admirable piece: I was therefore deſirous of attending the repreſentation; the more eſpecially as the Princeſs of Orange was to be preſent. So at the uſual hour I repaired to the Theatre, and took my ſeat in the Parquet.

—And

—And this, ſaid I, (on hearing that her Highneſs was entering the Theatre) will enable me to ſpeak deciſively of the Dutch. Much will depend on the manner in which they may receive the Conſort of their Prince.

She entered the Houſe unnoticed. The Princeſs Louiſa accompanied her. The curtain was already drawn up. How! thought I, not the ſmalleſt attention----not the moſt trifling mark of reſpect!—But what was my ſurprize, when a few minutes afterwards an utter ſtranger was admitted to their box. It was

the

the Abbé R——, a literary gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at the Table d'Hote.—Rallying him next day on his situation at the Play-houſe, I found him equally aſtoniſhed at it with myſelf; and he very pleaſantly obſerved to me, in the language of one of our own Poets, that he could not help wondering, while ſitting by the ſide of the Princeſs, "how the devil he got there."

Though the Princeſs of Orange is not a regular beauty, there is ſomething particularly ſtriking in her countenance—mild, yet pene-

trating; and if the ſoul may be ſaid to "ſit within the eye"*— her's I pronounce a noble one.

* "Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eye."

MILTON.

THE

THE PROVERB AND THE BON MOT.

HAGUE.

I WAS in want of gloves; ſo I ſtept into a ſhop in the Caſuari Street, in order to purchaſe a pair. A Griſſette of genteel appearance was ſitting behind the counter—I thought I knew the face. It was actually the *petite Bourgeoiſe* whom I had *accommodated* with a place in my carriage.

Ah! Monſieur, cried ſhe, *que je ſuis enchanté de vous voir!* Every circumſtance in my behaviour to her at Briel immediately ruſhed into my mind. I was really afraid to meet her eye—it was in truth a piercing one.

Y-a-t-il long tems que vous êtes à la Haye? continued ſhe. I anſwered with ſome dégree of heſitation, that I had been there about a week.—I was really confounded—I wiſhed myſelf away: ſo having paid for the gloves, complained that I was greatly fatigued by my walk, and that I muſt return to the Hotel to tea. Indeed I ſhould not, ſhe ſaid—

ſhe

ſhe would have the honour of making me a cup herſelf—It was true, her huſband was not at home——

You are married then, ſaid I.

O qu'oui, ſaid ſhe, *depuis trois jours-----mais cela ne ſignifie rien: mon mari n'eſt pas de ces jaloux qui —mais entrez—entrez.* Saying which ſhe took me by the arm, and conducted me into her parlour.

I apologized for the trouble I was about to give her-----She was pleaſed to call it a pleaſure—Beſide, ſaid ſhe, you are very diſtant from your Hotel, *et encore, Monſieur*, A BEAU JEU BEAU RETOUR. I thought it a little maliciouſly ſaid;

but excuſed it on account of her livelineſs.

She entertained me with an hundred little anecdotes. In half a day I might have known the hiſtory of half the Hague.—I never paſſed an hour more agreeably.

I would willingly have thanked her for her civilities; but I found there was no ſuch thing as doing it—a Frenchwoman thinks nothing of them. So having drank the tea, which I thought particularly good, I complaiſantly bid her adieu.

It was now eight o'clock. How ſhould I paſs the remainder of the evening? The theatres were ſhut.

A bill

A bill was poſted againſt a houſe—"The Learned Horſe will exhibit here." I will ſee him, ſaid I; and I took my ſeat accordingly.

His *knowledge* was really great; and I was half inclined to ſubſcribe to the opinion of a witty Frenchman, who, on ſeeing him, had been heard to exclaim—*Qu'apparemment il avoit mangé du foin défendu.*

THE MAN IN POWER.

HAGUE.

MONSIEUR De M——, the French gentleman whom I met with at Helvoet, and who had hitherto accompanied me in my tour, had ſet apart a morning for waiting on one of the moſt conſiderable men at the Hague; and as it was a public day, he civily offered to take me in his hand.

A Dutch

A Dutch Levee was entirely new to me; I therefore accepted the offer with pleaſure—and at an early hour we arrived at the Hotel of Monſieur De ———.

This gentleman had formerly, and previous to his coming into office, profeſſed a friendſhip for Monſieur De M——; and as Monſieur De M—— had lately given to the world a work, which had juſtly entitled him to rank among the *beaux eſprits* of the age, he had, author-like, imagined, that his reception at the Miniſter's would be of the moſt flattering and agreeable kind.

But

But the man in power is every where the ſame. Though wholly diſengaged, it was impoſſible to gain the ear of Monſieur De ———; and all that Monſieur De M—— could obtain from him was merely a recognizing nod.

My companion, however, was not a man to "bow and ſue for grace with ſuppliant knee"-----he therefore inſtantly quitted the chamber, with a reſolution of never entering it again. A ſigh, indeed, eſcaped him. He was poor—his merit was the bar to his advancement. The Miniſter was jealous of

of his riſing fame. *——Good Heaven!

* " En entrant dans le monde (ſays M. Le Baron De Monteſquieu) on m'anonca comme un homme d'eſprit; et je reçus un accüeil aſſez favorable des gens en place; mais lorſque, par le ſuccèz des Lettres Perſannes, j'eus peutêtre prouvé que j'en avois, et que j'eus obtenu quelque eſtime de la part du public, celle des gens en place ſe refroidit; j'eſſuyai mille degoûts. Comptez, qu'interieurement bleſsés de la reputation d'un homme célebre, c'eſt pour s'en vanger qu'ils l'humilient; et qu'il faut ſoi-méme mériter beaucoup d'éloges, pour ſupporter patiemment l'éloge d'autrui."

THE

THE SUPPLICATION.

HAGUE.

HOW ſweet, how exquiſite muſt be the ſenſations of that man, who, having a fortune at his command, employs a conſiderable part of it in travelling through Europe, and ſeeking, in the true ſpirit of knight-errantry, *whom he may aſſiſt*. The frequent opportunities he will meet with, of relieving merit in diſtreſs, muſt be to him the higheſt

higheſt poſſible gratification----the moſt ineffable delight.

Should I here betray the *envy* which I in this particular inſtance feel, the *moraliſt*, I hope, will pardon it.

"*Quelque choſe, Monſieur, s'il vous plait à un homme le plus miſérable du monde.*"

I inſtantly turned about to the ſupplicant. And if thou art really ſo very wretched, thought I, and ſuch thou doſt in truth appear to be, why ſhould I not afford thee ſome relief? I have little, indeed, to give, and thou may'ſt even be undeſerving of that little—But how

am I to get at the truth of this? And ſince there is a doubt about the matter, let me rather *err* on the ſide of humanity. So having ſettled the debate within myſelf, I gave him-----no great ſum, indeed; but more than one uſually gives to a beggar.

The wretched mendicant threw himſelf on his knees, immediately on receiving my alms: not by way of thanking me—No!—He was returning thanks to Heaven for having directed him to my path.

I felt a ſudden warmth about my heart. Good God! cried I, how eaſily man may purchaſe happineſs

to

to himſelf, while he is contributing to that of others. The poor fellow whom I have juſt relieved, and who emphatically ſtiled himſelf the moſt miſerable of human beings, is at this time happy. But I ſhould have done well in giving him ſomething more, ſaid I: ſo I inſtantly followed him, with an intention of doubling the ſum; but he was not to be found. Well, well, thought I, I may be fortunate enough to meet him another day.

M. De la Rochefoucault is of opinion, "*Que nous avons tous aſſez de force pour ſupporter les maux d'autrui.*" A wretched and degrading ſenti-

ſentiment!—No! let me rather exclaim with Terence----*Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

The man of opulence, and of a benevolent heart, conſiders himſelf as an agent for the Almighty; and conſequently looks around for objects to whom he may diſpenſe the bounty of his Heavenly Maſter.

THE

THE CONNOISSEUR.

HAGUE.

I NEVER viſited the Continent without finding that the number of Engliſhmen, at every town I came to, was infinitely ſuperior to that of any other nation. I may be told, perhaps, that there is nothing new in the remark—I acknowledge it: and it is certainly againſt the rules I had preſcribed

to myſelf; but as it leads me at once to my point, I ſhall hope to ſtand excuſed for the tranſgreſſion.

Now, of this very great number, more than half of them are Connoiſſeurs; that is to ſay, judges, or at leaſt pretended judges, in painting, ſtatuary, architecture, and poſſibly every other art.

Sauntering one morning in the Picture-Gallery at the Hague, my attention was particularly excited by the harangue of a *Connoiſſeur*. A croud was gathered about him. He was diſcourſing of *coſtume*, *contour*,

tour, coloris, &c. &c.—In a word, there was ſcarcely a technical term in painting which he did not employ on this occaſion; and for ſome little time I really thought him the character he had aſſumed. But I was preſently undeceived. Walking up to that admirable performance of Potter—*a peaſant looking on his cattle*—he inſtantly turned from it in diſguſt, and with this very ſage remark-----" That the piece was by no means worth viewing, ſince peaſants and cattle, *equal* to thoſe in the picture, were to be ſeen at any time in the fields."

It was ſufficient—So I quitted the Connoiſſeur, and went to the *Cabinet d'Hiſtoire Naturelle*.

THE

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

HAGUE.

SITTING one evening at the window of the Hotel at the Hague, a gentleman paſſed it, who attracted my particular attention. He was dreſſed in black—his arms were folded—his ſtep meaſured—and an undeſcribable air of melancholy ſat upon his viſage.

The following evening I took my place at the window, as before;

Monſieur De C—— was with me. He paſſed it at preciſely the ſame time that he had done on the preceding day, and ſeemingly equally dejected.

—There is ſomething extremely ſingular about that man, ſaid I—I wiſh I knew his hiſtory.

I am totally ignorant of it, ſaid Monſieur De C——, although he has been pleaſed to rank me among his friends; but, as he has frequently promiſed me a few particulars in his life, I ſhall requeſt him to favour us with them now.—So he immediately went after him; and preſently

preſently returning together, the gentleman, after an apology on my part for the curioſity I had ſhewn reſpecting him, related his ſtory as follows:

"I am the eldeſt ſon of the Chevalier De ———, of an ancient and honourable houſe in Britanny. My father was a ſoldier of reputation; but his inheritance was very ſmall. After having ſerved his country for the ſpace of nearly twenty years, he was under the neceſſity of ſelling his little eſtate for the better maintaining and educating a young and numerous family.

" Following the example of my father, I choſe the road to glory; and at the commencement of the late war, was promoted to a command in America———

And do you call that the road to glory? ſaid I—to be fighting for men whom———

Hold! cried he, call them not rebels.

I do not mean it, ſaid I. The cauſe is determined—I therefore ſhall not enquire into the juſtice of it. America, however, ſhould have been left to fight her own battles—and by eſpouſing her intereſts, your country-

countrymen have been conſidered by many as little better than mercenaries.

He acknowledged this to be in a great meaſure juſt. I then begged pardon for the interruption I had given him, and he thus continued his narration.

" During my reſidence in America, I moſt unfortunately married a woman who has deſtroyed my peace of mind for ever. I thought her a paragon of virtue—another Lucretia; but ſhe proved the Meſſalina of the age. Her hiſtory is ſo full of——but you muſt ſpare me

me the recital of particulars, and allow me to proceed to her ſhocking cataſtrophe. I had for ſome time ſuſpected her of criminal intercourſe with an Officer in the regiment to which I belonged.-----I watched her narrowly; and at length ſurprizing them together, with this good ſword I killed them in their embraces.

" One man only had I acquainted with my deſign. He earneſtly endeavoured to diſſuade me from it; talked loudly of its injuſtice and inhumanity; and adviſed me, as we were preparing to return to

Europe,

Europe, to inſtitute a legal proceſs againſt the ſeducer.

"What! ſaid I—to have my name and character bandied about the courts—to ſubject myſelf to every ſpecies of ridicule—the ridicule, perhaps, of the very wretches who have done me the moſt unpardonable wrong? Inhumanity!----- No!—It were a want of humanity to ſpare them. They would live, indeed; but they would live in infamy. It is better that they ſhould die."

By Heaven! exclaimed Monſieur De C——, there is a ſavage juſtice

in

in the blow which greatly pleaſes me. Thou art a noble fellow!—And ſhould I ever be equally unfortunate with yourſelf, I ſolemnly ſwear to you, that I will act in exactly the ſame manner.

Boldly reſolved, ſaid the gentleman, embracing him. Our ſpirits are congenial. I am proud in calling you my friend.

I was unable to ſay a word.

You find, continued he, that I have actual cauſe for ſorrow: it is, indeed, unſpeakably great. But it ariſes not from compunction or remorſe at what I have done.—No!

I glory

I glory in the deed; and my unhappineſs is only occaſioned by reflecting on the crime which drove me to it.

He ceaſed: his grief would not allow him to dwell on the ſubject. He begged leave to retire.

THE

L'INSENSIBLE.*

HAGUE.

WALKING one evening in the Vyverberg, accompanied by Monſieur De M——, a Frenchman came trippingly up to us, and ſinging. Ah! my dear Monſieur De M——, ſaid he, I am heartily glad to ſee you. Give me joy, my friend—

* The French ſubſtantive is here adopted, as conveying a more perfect idea of the character repreſented, than any expreſſion which the Engliſh language will afford.

friend—give me joy. I am the happieſt fellow on earth. I have juſt detected my wife in an intrigue, and ——.

And does that occaſion your happineſs? ſaid I----looking on him with aſtoniſhment.

Sir! exclaimed he, trolling his eyes around me, and with a kind of ſelf-approving ſmile—Sir!—

—But as I was going to obſerve to you, ſaid he, turning immediately to Monſieur I e M——, nothing in the world could be more fortunate. We had long lived unhappily together, and were on the very

very eve of ſeparation. But in that caſe, you know, there would have been the devil and all of alimony demanded, while now I ſhall eaſily obtain a divorce; and then——tal-de-ral-lal, tal-de-ral-lal—Serviteur!—and away he danced.

How unlike, cried I, is man to man! The exquiſite ſenſibility of the ſon of the Chevalier De ——, hurried him abſolutely beyond himſelf; while the nonchalance and indifference of this contemptible coxcomb ſets even Nature herſelf at defiance. Gracious Heaven!-----

THE

THE RUFFLES.

HAGUE.

I WAS invited to the *Cercle.** Good God! cried I, (turning over my ruffles and ſtockings) what paltry things! they will never do for ſuch an occaſion—I muſt undoubtedly purchaſe others.

Now, both ruffles and ſtockings were abſolutely new, and even of the fineſt ſort; but the fact is, that I I wiſhed

* An Aſſembly held at the Old Court, at the Hague.

I wiſhed to frame to myſelf an excuſe for viſiting the *petite Bourgeoiſe*.

It is really very ſtrange; but I felt ſomething like a friendſhip for her. I wiſhed to ſee her: I was deſirous of ſpeaking with her; but then I had no particular buſineſs; and what was to be done in ſuch a caſe?—Why, I fancied I wanted ruffles.

Beſide, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was really not in want of theſe things, it would be but handſome to lay out half a dozen ducats with a woman who has behaved ſo very handſomely to me.

This

This determined the matter at once; and I accordingly repaired to her ſhop.

Mon cher, Monſieur, cried ſhe, *comment vous va?*—By the way, there is ſomething extremely captivating in that *mon cher, Monſieur*, which is ſo very common with a Frenchwoman: not that I would be thought to inſinuate, that a Frenchwoman means any thing by it—I rather imagine ſhe does not. Be that, however, as it may, it is certainly very pleaſing, and not unfrequently gains the heart.

I ſat down by the counter; and ſuch was the rapidity and agree-

ableneſs of her converſation, that I actually forgot to aſk for the ruffles, and even never thought about them 'till I had got back to the Hotel.

I returned immediately to the *petite Bourgeoiſe*, telling her of my abſent fit. She laughed immoderately; and looking fixedly on my face, ſignificantly demanded---*To what it could poſſibly be owing?*

At this inſtant her huſband coming to the door, I told her it was impoſſible for me to anſwer her queſtion *then*; but that I would take another opportunity of doing it.

it. So making a pretty low bow to the huſband (though I ſecretly wiſhed him at the Devil) and a much lower to the wife, I returned incontinently to my Hotel; but not without a reſolution of ſhortly ſeeing the lady again—*The ruffles were yet unbought.*

CHAGRIN.

HAGUE.

WHEN a man is thoroughly out of humour, he ſhould ſhut himſelf up for an hour or two in his cloſet. It will give him time for reflection, and conſequently hinder him from acting abſurdly.

The huſband of the *petite Bourgeoiſe* had interrupted me in my tete-

tete-a-tete with his wife; and I accordingly wiſhed him hanged for it. That was undoubtedly very natural; but why I ſhould quarrel with almoſt every one who came in my way for ſome time after, (and ſo it actually happened) I ſhall leave to the determination of the *Philoſopher*. He will account for it in a better manner than I can.

* * * * *

I ſat down at the Table d'Hote —every thing was badly dreſt—the wines were execrable—I was unable to make my dinner.——

—Every other perſon found them excellent.

I walked out towards the Voorhout. I met the miſerable object whom I had relieved a day or two before, and whom I had wiſhed to ſee again.

He bowed to me in paſſing. It was not the bow of intreaty, but rather of gratitude—it ſeemed to thank me for what I had already given; but not to aſk for more.

I looked frowningly on him, and harſhly bade him to get away.—What an inconſiſtent creature is man!

RE-

REMORSE.

HAGUE.

AND is it thus, ſaid I, to myſelf, (as the humble petitioner walked away) is it thus I behave towards the indigent and diſtreſt? Is this conducting myſelf according to the principles of benevolence which I have ſo frequently laid down as the rule for others? Is this the philanthropy

and

and charity which I have recommended to the attention and practice of all men?

—But I will go this evening to the Opera, ſaid I—It is not improbable but that muſic will reſtore me to myſelf; to my natural complacency and good humour—We know its power in ſubduing and correcting the paſſions---

"*What paſſion cannot muſic raiſe and quell?*"

Neither are we ignorant of its influence on the manners; and that it will at once inſpire pity, tenderneſs, and love.

I ac-

I accordingly went to the Opera. The muſic was by that admirable compoſer Gretri---I was delighted with it.

It is really very ſurpriſing, thought I, as I walked from the Theatre to the Hotel, that the Dutch, who are ſeemingly fond of muſic, and who are certainly good muſicians, ſhould not be more generally refined.

The "concord of ſweet ſounds" operates but little on the *Bourgeoiſie* of the Hague.

THE REPULSE.

HAGUE.

I HAVE ſomewhere met with a Writer, who ſays, that he conſiders cleanlineſs as one of the *half-virtues*, (as Ariſtotle very properly calls them, when ſpeaking of ſome of our leſſer perfections) a Dutch-woman certainly conſiders it as *a whole one*.

No

No perſon can be a greater admirer of cleanlineſs than I am: in this country, however, it is undoubtedly carried to exceſs; and the *ſimplex munditiis* of Horace is ſcarcely ever to be ſeen. All, in ſhort, is artful and laboured in the extreme.

Returning one morning from the Parade, a ſhower of rain came on when I was about a quarter of a mile from home. I ran immediately towards a houſe, the door of which was ſtanding invitingly open; but I had ſcarcely ſtept on the threſhhold, when a number of women

and

and children beſet me, and inſiſted on inſtantly turning me out. In vain did I repreſent to them that I had a terrible cold, and that I ſhould certainly be wet to the ſkin. It was no matter, they ſaid—the houſe had juſt been cleaned, and was I to think of dirting it?----*Non, non, ſortez d'ici---ſortez d'ici*, cried they.

Ma belle! m'amie! cried I to a frightful old woman-----*Ma petite mignonne!* ſaid I to a young one---But it was all to no effect: they armed themſelves with brooms, &c. and actually thruſt me into the ſtreet.

Was

Was ever any thing ſo ridiculous! ſaid I, as I went dripping into the Hotel.

THE

CIVILITY.

HAGUE.

I HAD engaged a *carroſſe de louage*, in order to carry me to Harlem.

And now, thought I, could I have the company of the *petite Bourgeoiſe*, I would endeavour to make atonement for my incivility to her at Briel. But ſhe is married: it is therefore needleſs to think about it---

it---the thing is altogether impracticable.

How greatly, how very greatly, a man may be miſtaken in theſe matters!------Fortune, when I leaſt expected it, was actually at work for me, and threw in my way a friend who removed the difficulty at once.

This friend was no other than the huſband of the lady in queſtion. He came to the door of the Hotel at the moment I was coming out.

I will ſhew ſome little civility to M. Le Mari, however, ſaid I. So having acquainted him with my in-

tended route, I aſked him if he had any occaſion for going by it? offering him a ſeat in the coach.

He politely anſwered, that he had not; but that his wife had ſome particular buſineſs at the *Blanchiſſerie* at Harlem; and that if I would have the goodneſs to ſet her down-----

Ah! de bon cœur, ſaid I, interrupting him—*J'aurai un vrai plaiſir*——

I ſhould have continued talking thus for at leaſt a quarter of an hour, but that my *bon ami* had left me, *pour chercher Madame ſa femme.*

This is really a little extraordinary, ſaid I to myſelf—but jealouſy

is

is certainly not to be ranked among the *failings* of the French. Had this man lived in Sparta, how happy muſt he have been!

La Fontaine ſpeaking of a woman's infidelity, ſays,

" Quand on le ſait, c'eſt peu de choſe—
" Quand on ne le ſait pas, ce n'eſt rien."

Admirable doctrine!—Rare philoſophy!

ADVICE.

ROAD TO HARLEM.

THE Frenchman preſently returned with his wife. She looked enchantingly; but there was an air of ſimplicity and innocence about her, which would have checked and lulled the moſt libertine deſires. I was in a moralizing mood, and modelled my converſation accordingly.

Your

You have told me, Madame, ſaid I---laying my hand upon her's, but with as chaſte and gentle a preſſure as though ſhe had been a ſiſter whom I loved---you have told me, Madame, that your huſband is wholly without ſuſpicion---that jealouſy is an abſolute ſtranger to his breaſt.

This, I preſume, ariſes not from any inſenſibility on his part, but from a thorough reliance on the prudence and virtue of his wife---(the lady inclined her head) ſtill, however, he is wrong; and the ſentiment of a celebrated Roman on

this matter ſhould never be forgotten—" The wife of Cæſar muſt not even be ſuſpected."

Yet ſurely replied ſhe, (in the true ſpirit of a Frenchwoman) I may make a *petit voyage* with a friend, without being *ſuſpected* by any one.

I don't know that, returned I: it is an envious and malicious world: a woman cannot be too chary of her reputation and good name——Now, the love I bear towards you———

Mon Dieu! exclaimed ſhe, attempting to open the door of the chaiſe, and calling to the poſtilion to ſtop———

Hold!

Hold! cried I, be not frightened by the *name*—We will call it friendſhip, if you pleaſe.

—She was ſilent—

Now, this very friendſhip, continued I, induces me to admoniſh you with freedom. You are young and handſome. Your huſband is not a *Cæſar*; on the contrary, he ſubjects you to——But I will ſay no more—you underſtand me, and will profit, I hope, by my hints.

I ſaw a tear in the corner of her eye.———

This woman, ſaid I to myſelf, hath an excellent heart—ſhe has

virtue; and the prejudices of education are all ſhe has to ſtruggle with. What pity! that the man who ought to be her protector, ſhould—

" *Leave her fair ſide all unguarded thus.*"

—But he is a Frenchman.

I felt more true pleaſure in reflecting on the advice I had given to her, than if I had employed my " gayeſt rhetoric" for her ſeduction. I thought myſelf another Scipio in continence; and when we arrived at Harlem, I conducted the lady to the Hotel with all the attention

tention and reſpect to which her merit, in my opinion, had very juſtly entitled her.

THE

THE ORGAN.

HARLEM.

WE arrived at Harlem a little before noon. The following day was ſettled for my return to the Hague; and as the buſineſs which had brought the *petite Bourgeoiſe* to Harlem, would neceſſarily detain her for ſeveral hours, I requeſted that ſhe would give me her company in going back.

I was

I was her Ciceſbeo for the day. So we went immediately to the great church, in order to hear the very capital organ there.—

" But, oh! what art can teach,
" What human voice can reach,
" The ſacred Organ's praiſe?"

DRYDEN.

If this be ſaid of the ordinary organ, how ſhall we find words to deſcribe the inſtrument built by Chriſtian Mullar? Language fails: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with obſerving of this maſter-piece in muſic-ſcience, that it breathes ſuch

" divine

"divine enchanting harmony," there could be little wonder, were "an angel to appear—miſtaking Earth for Heaven." *

Twenty or thirty Dutchmen were ſauntering about the church, and ſeemingly unmoved!—

* * * * * *

Next morning we returned in ſafety to the Hague; and when I alighted

* This organ imitates the ſounds of various inſtruments; as the violin, hautboy, kettle-drum, &c. &c. the notes of ſeveral birds; and finally, the human voice: and all with ſuch exquiſite truth and delicacy, that the niceſt ear may be deceived.

alighted at the Hotel, I found that Monſieur De M—— was waiting for me, with ſome degree of anxiety. He had been ſummoned to Amſterdam: he knew I purpoſed going thither; and as we had travelled together from Helvoet to the Hague, he was deſirous of having my company into the North.

I had every reaſon to be pleaſed with him. So having delivered the *petite Bourgeoiſe* into the hands of her huſband---at the ſame time hinting to him, that he was in poſſeſſion of a very excellent wife ---Mon-

---Monſieur De M------ and I, after a few neceſſary adjuſtments, bade a final adieu to the Hague.

THE

THE TRAVELLING TUTOR.

LEYDEN.

I LEFT the Hague with regret. It is, without queſtion, one of the moſt beautiful places on earth; and as the manners of the people are much more elegant and refined than in any other town of Holland, it is impoſſible not to be delighted with it.

We were to make ſome little ſtay at Leyden; and as Leyden is at no great

great diſtance from the Hague, we reſolved on going thither in the Treckſchute.

Never, I believe, was there a more motley aſſembly. The company conſiſted of about thirty perſons: among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of whom were, a burgomaſter and his lady; a player and his miſtreſs; an officer in the Dutch ſervice; a fidler; a female dancer; and a *maudlin* governor, attending the *hopes of a family* * (who had been ſent from Cambridge, in order to

* See thoſe excellent deſigns by Mr. Bunbury—"The Hopes of a Family"—"The Bear Leader," &c.

to rub off his ruſt) and leading him about as a proper ſpectacle for Europe.

What a confuſion of tongues! The burgomaſter and the officer were deeply engaged in politics: the players were declaiming with vehemence: the fidler and dancer were talking of muſical expreſſion and the graces—while the young *Cantab*, in imitation of the Nephew in the Comedy of the Gameſters, was continually "throwing a little Greek at us," in order to ſhew his parts.

I was aſtoniſhed at the noiſe! In all my former journeyings, the

ſilence obſerved in a Treckſchute had given me an idea of the Court of Areopagus, among the Greeks; or the Monaſtery of La Trappe, among the French.---Now, however, I could think of nothing but the Tower of Babel.

In about three hours we arrived at the city of Leyden, celebrated as the birth-place of ſeveral eminent men. All our fellow travellers proceeded immediately to Amſterdam; the tutor and his pupil excepted: we therefore requeſted them to give us their company.

No

No man, I think, could ſurpaſs the governor in pompoſity, or his diſciple in dulneſs. We had ſcarcely ſat down to table when the former oſtentatiouſly demanded of me---to what college I belonged? To the college of wit-crackers,* ſaid I---You are pleaſant, Sir, ſaid he; but I could wiſh to know in what univerſity you have been bred? In Nature's, replied I----

"*Nature a mother kind alike to all.*"

She, Sir, has been *my* teacher, and a charming old woman ſhe is.

* The whole college of wit-crackers, &c.
SHAKESPEARE.

You have no very high opinion, then, ſaid he, (ſomewhat peeviſhly) of an univerſity education?

Why faith, ſaid I, with reſpect to *Alma Mater*---but my lord Shafteſbury ſhall anſwer for me: I would not willingly offend.*

* See Dialogues on the Uſes of Foreign Travel.

THE

THE PRODIGY.

LEYDEN.

THE Maitre d'Hotel at Leyden was by far the moſt obliging of any of that claſs whom I had hitherto met with in my Tour.

He begged leave to conduct us about the town; and in our return, towards the evening, obſerved that he had ſomething particular to point out to us.

It

It is, ſaid, he an abſolute prodigy:——a huſband bewailing the loſs of his wife after an interval of nearly twenty years.

He then took us to the top of Hengiſt's Caſtle, which is ſituate in the centre of the city; and played the part of *Aſmodeus** to admiration. He could not unroof the houſes indeed; but he amuſed us with numerous anecdotes of the people.

Obſerve that man, ſaid our conductor, who is coming from his houſe

* The *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage.

houſe to the garden: he is the perſon I ſpoke to you about. Yonder temple is erected to the memory of his lady, and thither does he retire at ſtated hours to weep and pray—and this has been his daily practice from the moment of her deceaſe.

Is it poſſible! thought I—and is there ſtill ſuch true, ſuch genuine virtue upon earth.? The elegant *Hume*, indeed, inform us, "that *Eugenius* was the huſband of *Emira* ---that *Emira* died at an early age; and that as in her life-time *Eugenius* had celebrated her birth-day with feſtivity

and

and joy, ſo he now religiouſly keeps it with ſorrowing and tears."——

—What a beautiful picture! but this man—O! for the pen of a Sterne to deſcribe the emotions of my heart; but it were needleſs to attempt it.—Like then to the painter of antiquity, who in his moſt celebrated performance concealed the face of him whoſe ſorrows he thought himſelf unable to pourtray, I draw a veil acroſs my ſubject; and leave thoſe feelings, to be imagined, which I find it impoſſible to expreſs.

THE

THE FEMALE WIT.

LEYDEN.

HEY-DAY! exclaimed I, on walking along ſeveral of the principal ſtreets of Leyden, and meeting ſcarcely an hundred people: —and is this a City? alas! what terrible ſymptoms of decay! Little appearance either of trade or manufactures: magnificent houſes, yet half of them untenanted: while

the remaining impoveriſhed inhabitants, looking up to the univerſity for ſupport, find their expectations defeated by the preſent paucity of its ſtudents.—'Tis pity.!

One thing, however, is greatlyin favour of the place: the bookſellers ſhops are numerous. I had ſtepped into one of the principal of them, to inquire if there was any thing new, when a lady came in, and aſked for the *Syſtême de la Nature of Mirabaud.* I was not a little ſurprized that a young and beautiful woman ſhould come in ſearch of an atheiſtical book; and when ſhe had quitted the ſhop, I mentioned this to the maſter of it.

That

That lady, replied the bookſeller, is a ſingular character; ſhe has written ſeveral pieces of note; particularly one, intitled *Penſées ſur l'Ame des Femmes*; in which ſhe conſiders the notable inquiry, "Whether woman be poſſeſſed of a ſoul?" with infinite pleaſantry and good humour.

This muſt be an extraordinary woman indeed, ſaid I----I wiſh I were acquainted with her—but give me leave to look at her book.

The bookſeller anſwered that he had not one in his ſhop; but that if I had any inclination to half an hour's converſation with the lady,

he

he was acquainted with a literary gentleman, who, he was ſure, would introduce me to her.

I aſſured him that nothing could be more agreeable to me; but that as my companion, Monſ. De M----, was deſirous of getting forward on his journey, I ſhould take the opportunity of calling on him in my return; which having determined on doing, I thanked him for his attentions, and repaired to my Hotel.

Early next morning we purſued our journey to Amſterdam.

FINIS

BRITISH 14 JY 74 MUSEUM